

Appealing Picture or a Pillow Top

Thoroughbreds they are, done in the simplest of embroidery, ready for the most striking pillow or picture you ever saw.



Pattern 5956.

effect. A smart addition to any home. In pattern 5956 you will find a transfer pattern of a motif 11 by 13 1/2 inches; a color chart and key; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Information Not to Be Found in Encyclopedia

Answers to a general knowledge test such as help turn the teacher's hair gray:

Period costumes are dresses all covered with dots.

Shakespeare wrote tragedies, comedies and errors.

The people of India are divided into castes and outcasts.

Norway's capital is called Christiania.

Lipton is the capital of Ceylon.

A republic is a country where no one can do anything in private.

A sheep is mutton covered with wool.

A fakir is a Hindu twister.

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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

Momentary Pleasure

There is more pleasure in building castles in the air than on the ground.—Edward Gibbon.

DO YOU NEED A TONIC?

Salem, Ore.—Virgil O. Turner, 325 S. Capital St., says: "I consider Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a very good tonic. We used it on different occasions and always with good results. It creates an appetite, and is fine to relieve one of that tired, weary condition. I am glad to have my name used to recommend this fine medicine. Buy now of your druggist! Liquid or tablets."

Be True

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.—Henry Vaughan.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER first day LIQUID TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Tum"—World's Best Liniment

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

DOAN'S PILLS

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Behind Marian's shadowed silhouette the window glass itself shattered, as if it had exploded inward; out in the brush sounded the ringing crack of a rifle. Then there was silence and the window against which Marian had stood was empty except for the lamp-lit gleam of its shattered glass.

Wheeler's breath jerked in his throat; he dropped to the ground and raced for the house.

In the dark beside the shattered window Douglas was holding the girl in his arms, and though she clung to him, Wheeler saw that the wagon boss was holding her up. He heard Douglas say, "Are you hurt? Are you—"

Billy Wheeler cried out, "In God's name, Marian—"

Marian's voice said shakily, "I'm all right."

"You hit?"

"No."

"Get a gun!" said Val Douglas crazily. "We was standing here, and somebody took a shot at—"

Wheeler turned and ran for the bunk house. Half way he almost crashed into Tulare Callahan. "What's up?"

"Get the boys out," Wheeler told him. "To hell with saddles, but get ropes and guns. Somebody fired into the layout—we've got to try to stampede over him in the brush."

Behind the 94 layout the buck-brush stood ragged, much of it shoulder high to a mounted man; in its crooked brakes the hard sandy ground showed barren in the light of the near stars.

With some difficulty Billy Wheeler restrained Gil Baker and Steve Hurley from spurring their ponies headlong into the brush, as if they were trying to jump a bunch of steers.

"Stick together, move slow, and keep stopping to listen," Wheeler said. "That's our only chance."

They trailed into the brush slowly, single file, Wheeler in the lead. He had accidentally mounted a horse that believed in ghosts, and it moved sidelong, stretching its nose warily at the brush shadows, blowing long uneasy whoofs. Repeatedly they halted to sit listening.

For an hour they combed the dark brush, alternately walking their horses and listening.

Not until they came out at the foot of a barren rise did they realize that they had wandered almost a mile from their starting point. When you have seen one thicket of buck-brush by starlight you have seen them all. They had pushed through a hundred thickets, in which a man could have hidden under the very feet of their horses—yet in that mile of country there were a thousand thickets more. The riders were grim and tight-mouthed.

Horse Dunn met them at the corals. He had been prowling all over the place, rifle on his arm. He spoke low-voiced, but no one of them

say something, so he said the first thing came into his head. Every sign we got points to the fact that Lon Magoon was killed, in his own saddle, and on his own horse, and at Short Crick."

"I'm thinking now," said Billy Wheeler, "that we can prove that one way or the other—right here and now."

"How?"

"We've still got his saddle, haven't we?"

"It's still under my bunk."

"Let me see it."

Horse Dunn stared at him irritably for a moment, then picked up a lamp with a jerk, and led the way to the clean bare room in which he lived. By the yellow light of the lamp the fine old saddles on their racks against the wall glistened clean from silverwork and steel. Dunn sat down on a box and hooked his elbows on the table behind him.

"Horse, how big a man is this Lon Magoon? About my size?"

"Hell, no! Not by eight inches. Little short wiry feller—put you in mind of a grasshopper, or a flea."

Wheeler hauled out Magoon's saddle. Billy measured the length of the stirrup leather with his arm—stirrup in armpit, fingers upon the tree.

"I stand five-eleven," Wheeler said. "Yet these stirrups are too long for me to ride. Horse, the man that rode this saddle was over six feet tall."

Horse came across the room in two strides and dropped to one knee beside Billy. "Damn it, I know that's Magoon's hull!"

"You mean it was Magoon's hull. You can see the short-rig bends worn into the stirrup leathers. But since then the leathers have been let down long, and laced there with rawhide whang."

Horse Dunn measured the stirrup leathers against his own arm. Then he forked the saddle where it lay, jamming his feet into the stirrups.

"Tall as me," he breathed, unbelievably for several moments. "Do you reckon," he said at last, "that infernal old lion hunter would let down those stirrups, just to get us balled up?"

"Look at the wear on the stirrup leather. The saddle has been ridden since the stirrups were let down."

Horse Dunn got up slowly and went back to his seat on the box. For a long time he sat staring at the floor. When at last he drew a deep breath and got up, his movements were those of a man pre-occupied.

He got out a roll of adhesive tape, pulled off a boot and woolen sock, and began to tape up the outside of his ankle bone, which appeared to be skinned. "I've got to take a hammer to those spurs," he said, his mind on other things. "Seems like they—"

"Horse—Coffee was right! The man that died in this saddle was not Lon Magoon."

Suddenly Dunn stood up, a shaggy towering figure, staring redly at Billy Wheeler. "Then, in God's name, who's dead?"

Wheeler regarded him without expression. Within the hour, a shadowy hunch had come over him. He knew that he had no proof for the thing that was in his mind; yet somehow it stood clear and plain. He went to the fireplace, and picked up an old branding iron that had been in use as a fire poker. He squatted on his heels, and with this sooty iron began to make marks on Dunn's clean-swept floor.

"Saying that the 94 is here," he said, marking a cross, "and Short Crick over here; then here lies that broken badlands called the Red Sleep. Seems to me there used to be a trail across the Red Sleep, leading over to Pahranaagat."

"Yes, sure. But—"

Horse Dunn waited; Billy Wheeler studied the floor. "Where would a man be coming from, passing over Short Crick toward the 94? Maybe—Pahranaagat?"

"Could," Horse admitted dubiously.

"That little railroad spur ends there."

"Sometimes," Horse Dunn made a sudden contribution, "Lon Magoon has shipped a few stolen beef carcasses out of Pahranaagat."

Wheeler nodded. "From Pahranaagat the spur runs down the Little Minto to Plumias, then—let me see—"

"Cheat Creek, Monitor, Sikes Crossing," Dunn supplied; "and so to the main stem."

"And so to the main stem," Wheeler repeated. "And maybe an old-timer, a saddle man, working toward the 94 by train, would figure it was better to come by Pahranaagat—and there pick up a horse?"

They were silent, and the background of the outer night seemed uncommonly still—perhaps because Old Man Coffee's hounds were gone.

"A saddle-minded man," Wheeler repeated, "coming from—say—Flagstaff." He threw the branding iron into the fireplace; it sent up a puff of white ash, against the black

opening. "Horse, where was Bob Flag last heard from?"

Dunn's voice came out thickly. "Flagstaff," he said.

CHAPTER IX

Horse Dunn sat relaxed, staring morosely at the floor. In his eyes a dark fire glowed. Wheeler wondered what ugly and shadowy things the old man was seeing. Perhaps, Wheeler thought, he would not wish to see in his life the like of what Horse Dunn was seeing, as he sat looking at the floor.

Finally Horse Dunn jerked to his feet with an abrupt impatience. "This is all pipe smoke," he said. "For a minute you threw me up in the air with that bunk. But hell! You figure Bob came here a way no man would ever think of coming. There's better than a hundred million people in this country, and Bob Flag is one of 'em, so you figure that maybe it was him got killed!"

"Well, we might anyway check up at Pahranaagat. There isn't so much travel up the Little Minto but what we could find out if Bob Flag came that way."

"I'll send Val Douglas over there tomorrow. I sure don't aim to leave any stone unturned. But if a guess is an inch long, you sure jumped a mile."

"Maybe," Wheeler admitted.

Horse Dunn took a turn of the room and the fighting spirit that had flared up in his eyes burned low and smoky again. "This country's gone to hell in a handbasket. I've never asked for any more than justice, and I've dealt out nothing less. But where can you get it now? A man's hands are tied. There was more honesty in the old six-gun than in a thousand courts of so-called law. I'd give 'em their cock-eyed country. I'd wash my hands of the whole works, and good riddance—if it wasn't for the girl."

It always came back to Marian. The old man didn't dare lose because of what it meant to the girl; he had labored for her too long, in years that for any other man would have been the twilight years of his life.

She came before Wheeler's eyes now, between himself and Horse Dunn, almost as clearly as if she had really been in the room.

Dunn was saying, "Know what I'd like to do? I'd like to cut out for the Argentine. Where a man's cows have a chance to turn around, by God. I'd—"

"Argentine, hell!" Billy exploded at him. "If I'd been running this outfit, this situation would never have come up or started to come up!"

"I suppose you'd have sold out," Dunn said, a hard edge on his voice.

"Maybe and maybe not. But I wouldn't have gone cow crazy, range crazy, until I couldn't afford to work my stock!"

Strangely, Horse did not anger. Wheeler saw that the Old Man thought his trade was merely based on youth and ignorance, which he had seen in unlimited quantities before.

"Maybe," Dunn said now, "you'd have kept the 94 a little one-horse spread—in the best of shape. But that ain't the question now. We're where we are, and there's no use fighting over what went before."

"I can save it yet," Wheeler told him rashly. "I can throw a hundred thousand into the 94."

"I didn't know you could swing that much. You got it, Billy?"

"What I haven't got of it—I can get."

Horse Dunn studied him, sadly, a long time. "That's an offer, is it?" he said at last.

"On one condition. That you give me a free hand, to hire, fire, buy or sell, land or cattle, for three years."

"I believe," said Dunn, "I'd even do that."

"It's a deal, then?"

"No! You and me'll never make a deal like that!"

"It's your out," Wheeler told him, "and it's your only out. Let me take the finance and the outfit—and all the other ruction falls to pieces."

And now Horse Dunn's eyes blazed again, and his voice crackled. "You'll never put a dime in this brand!"

"It's her brand," Wheeler reminded him. "You willing to let it bust up and go down, and the girl and her mother without a cent?"

"Let 'er bust—before it ever hangs on your dough!"

"But damnation—why?"

"You want to know why? I'll tell you why! Because you want that girl! You want that girl—you think I'm blind? But she don't want you."

"Isn't This Pretty Early? Couldn't You Sleep?"

I'd no sooner put her in your debt than I'd sell her to you outright. You're only making the offer because you're in love with Marian."

"You're crazy! I'm making the offer because I think I can come out on it."

"You want the girl," Horse persisted.

"You old fool—" Wheeler held his voice down—"do you think I'd ever expect to get her that way? Do you think I'd want her on the basis of—"

"Anyway, that's all over and done, two years back," Wheeler lied. "Once she could have had me body and soul. But that's all over. I wouldn't tie myself up, not now, to her or anyone else."

"You lie," said Horse calmly.

"Horse, if you'll let me take—"

"Never a dime of your money in her brand," Horse said with utter finality.

Wheeler turned in that night feeling old and grim.

It was still dark as Billy Wheeler let himself noiselessly into the cook shack and lighted a lamp. He found himself cold biscuits; and in a huge pot on the back of the stove he found bitter coffee above a banked fire.

He had about finished washing down his cold biscuits when he was annoyed to discover that another early riser was about. Someone was walking quietly toward the cook shack. Hurriedly he blew out his light, gulped down half a cup of dregs, and let himself out of the kitchen, anxious to be on his way without conversation.

Then, rounding the corner of the cook shack he almost ran into Marian.

"Morning, Billy." He saw that she was wearing bedded overalls and boots.

"Isn't this pretty early? Couldn't you sleep?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Army Takes Pride in Great Naval Guns; Rifles Throw Shells Twenty-Six Miles

The army uses navy guns to guard Oahu, the island on which lies the largest military concentration under the American flag, writes a Honolulu United Press correspondent.

This paradox of coast defense is due to diplomats and the formulation of the Washington Treaty. The treaty banned the addition of sixteen-inch guns to battleships, so the surplus rifles were turned over to the army.

Two of these guns, mounted on carriages constructed by the army's Ordnance department, were proof fired recently at Fort Barrette, 20 miles west of Honolulu, guarding the western approach to the island.

Their performance showed strikingly their defense capabilities in time of emergency. Each is capable of hurling a 2,100-pound projectile over a maximum range of 45,000 yards—nearly 26 miles. They can be swung around and elevated to a maximum of 53 degrees.

Hence they could drop a shell at

nearly any spot on a line described by the perimeter of the island, guarding it from attack from virtually every side.

The guns weigh 140 tons each and are as large as any in the world.

Army experts believe they are of infinitely more value for defense than the lighter, mobile anti-aircraft guns and indicate they may recommend construction of similar batteries at other points.

A similar battery at Fort Weaver now guards the entrance to Pearl Harbor, the navy's mighty Pacific base.

These guns are capable of firing 200 rounds without being dismantled. Thus each of them could throw 200 tons of steel at an enemy fleet.

First Eruption of Mount Etna

The first recorded eruption of Mount Etna was in the Eighth century B. C. Another, occurring in 477 B. C., is graphically described in Aeschylus' "Prometheus Bound."

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Salmon Hominy Casserole.

THE combined flavors of salmon and hominy is pleasing, the combined texture of them is interesting, and the appearance of the two in a casserole dish is appealing indeed. Try this combination for a tasty luncheon or supper dish.

Salmon Hominy Casserole.

1 No. 2 can hominy 4 tsp. flour
1 No. 1 tall can salmon 1/4 cup grated American cheese, salt and pepper
4 tsp. butter 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs
2 cups liquid, part milk

Arrange the hominy in the bottom of a greased casserole and lay the salmon over the hominy. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add flour, and stir until smooth. Add the liquid which is made up of the portion drained from the hominy and salmon and enough milk to make 2 cups. Cook until the sauce is thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add cheese, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the hominy and salmon. Sprinkle crumbs over the top and bake in a moderate oven (400 degrees) until the crumbs are brown and the mixture thoroughly heated, or about 30 minutes.

MARJORIE H. BLACK.

2 WAY RELIEF FOR THE MISERY OF COLDS



Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

If throat is sore from the cold, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/2 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

All it usually costs to relieve the misery of a cold today — is 3¢ to 5¢ — relief for the period of your cold 15¢ to 25¢. Hence no family need neglect even minor head colds.

Here is what to do: Take two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on — with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package. Relief comes rapidly.

The Bayer method of relieving colds is the way many doctors approve. You take Bayer Aspirin for relief — then if you are not improved promptly, you call the family doctor.



WNU-13 3-38

Trouble From Excess In everything the middle course is best; all things in excess bring trouble.—Plautus.

KEEP YOUNG AND HAPPY WITH A Coleman SELF-HEATING INSTANT-LIGHTING IRON. A Coleman Iron will save you work, save your strength and health—help you keep young—keep you smiling and happy on ironing day! The Coleman reduces by one-third the time hours at the ironing board. Its polished sole plate with built-in rollers swiftly through the thickest ironing job. Costs only 1/2 a hour to operate. Makes and burns its own gas. Lights instantly... heats in a jiffy. FREE FOLDER—See your dealer or send postcard folder describing this wonder Coleman Iron. THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE COMPANY, Dept. WU21, Wichita, Kans.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Los Angeles, Calif. (72217)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB Today I'm just showing my funny, round phiz. And I'll bet you don't know where the rest of me is! RHYMANN